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LBJ and the JFK Conspiracy

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for psychological effect. For six years he had headed th foreign branch of the Paris office. Ordered back to Dzerzhinsky Square he often sat at the right hand of th Chairman.

He knew all about Oswald's portfolio. He had studied it on several occasions hoping to use the man as a means of spreading disinformation. The verdict had always been negative. Oswald's instability ruled him out.

Tsymbal understood the importance of the project now being planned and felt that his knowledge of "Agents of Influence" would be particularly helpful in selecting either individuals or groups to assist in the assassination.

His dark suit, cleaned and pressed, with a white shirt and blue tie were typical of him. "I think Oswald has many flaws. I'm interested in hearing your analysis of which one you think is so significant."

Semischastny leaned back in the chair. "It's simple but dangerous. He lacks the capability of concentrating on any given subject or endeavor until he reaches a state of acceptable proficiency. He knows how to do many things, but he does none of them well."

"That is certainly a weakness, but are you sure he needs such a degree of accomplishment to be included in our plans?"

"Yes, he would have to operate efficiently. I could not trust him to carry out any assignment, even the most simple arrangement. His profile shows that he was born in October, 1939; that makes him about twenty-four. When he was a young boy, he was sent twice for psychiatric treatment. The diagnosis is interesting. They found him to be withdrawn and passive but capable of

extreme aggressiveness."

Tsymbal interrupted. "I know the profile. That aggressive streak could be valuable. The other important point in their finding is that he possesses an above average intelligence."

"Yes, he demonstrated both of these traits during his visit to our country. The records showed that he arrived in Moscow on October 16, 1959 and immediately applied for citizenship. When he was turned down, he tried to commit suicide, an act of great aggression against himself. He came here after using a trick to get out of the Marine Corps; he faked a sick mother so he could be discharged several months early. During his two and a half years in this country he became proficient in our language. He is intelligent. He left Moscow for the United States in June of this year. How can such a man be used?"

Tsymbal frowned. Even with the scowl, no wrinkles showed on his face. He had the appearance of a man much younger than his fifty-plus years, an open face with perfect features and heavy, brown, greying hair. "I believe we may be making a mistake if you write him off at this stage of the game. The very instability you speak of may be important in our scenario. Do you know the man who is our contact with him?"

"I'm not sure."

"He's a man we've used on several occasions, always does a good job. We don't get too involved; a little money now and then is about the size of it. His name is George De Mohrenschildt. He lives in Texas. That's where Oswald was born. On occasions De Mohrenschildt has worked for both the United States Federal

Bureau of Investigation and the Central Intellige
Agency. They know that he works for us, so they t
him the same way we do, not too much involvement."

Semischastny brightened. "I remember him. He w
somewhat helpful in Yugoslavia. His loyalties mo
back and forth. He did some work for the French intel
gence, and I am certain during the war he did valuab
work for the Nazi organization in the United States."

Tsymbal got out of the chair and started pacing. Th
rich Oriental rug provided a silent platform for the ne
vous man. His hands were clasped behind his back. "D
Mohrenschildt has developed a close relationship wit
Oswald. We set it up through the Russian community i
Dallas. Both De Mohrenschildt and his wife have bee
very helpful. Oswald's wife, Marina, had De Mohren
schildt's name when she left Russia. She was expecting
contact." Tsymbal stopped pacing and walked behin
the desk. He studied the portfolio over the Chairman's
shoulder. "How do we feel about Marina? Does she be
long to us?"

"Never has been a question. Her father was one of us
and, as a matter of fact, still is. We use him constantly
at the factory level. Marina is loyal to him and to Rus-
sia. We can depend on her to carry out any instructions.
She's a smart girl. She studied to be a pharmacist, and
when she graduated she went to work in the Minsk area.
She was working there when Oswald met her."

"Did we ask her to marry him, or was she on her
own?" Tsymbal walked back and sat down in front of
the desk.

The Chairman closed the folder and leaned forward.
"She was on her own. We almost stopped the affair but

then decided to let it continue. We have never asked her to work for us but feel that she would and that we could trust her implicitly."

"Why was she allowed to leave Russia? It seems to me that the procedure was most unusual."

"They applied for permission to leave in July, 1961 and were granted that liberty on the First of June, 1962."

"That's only eleven months. Ordinarily, such papers take several years to clear!"

"It was done quickly. I personally authorized it. The American Embassy had expressed an interest in him, and the Premier was anxious to demonstrate to the American authorities some leniency in granting travel permission. We did not really want Oswald in this country. There was no thought of granting him citizenship. He was on a year-to-year basis. We could see no reason to keep him here."

"I didn't ask about him. I was more curious about her. She could have been a very important woman for us. Why did we let her go?"

"She could have been valuable here. I thought then and still believe that she can be of greater value to us in the United States if the time comes when we want to activate her. Don't forget she is in that country legally, and she is loyal to us."

"Do you see her involved in any way in the assassination?"

"No, but you may have some ideas. If you can come up with a way to use Oswald, then it is possible that we could activate her. I'm exactly where I was when we started this conversation. I don't know how we can use

him, and there is no possibility of using her with him."

"It seems to me that something might be worked o I am exploring several possibilities. Let me think abo it for a few days. Oswald could be that emotionally u stable dissident who denounced his American citize ship, tried to live in this country and finally lost contr of himself to the point where he would assassinate t President."

The Chairman stood and walked toward the doo This signaled the end of the conference. "If I didn have a dinner engagement, we could eat together. Th idea of using Oswald is interesting. Maybe you coul work it out. Drop in tomorrow, and we'll talk about i more." He opened the door and waited for the Deputy Director to leave.

Tsymbal took his time putting on the greatcoat and fur hat. As he walked through the open door, he turned to the Chairman. "Vladimir, I'm glad we're working together on this. I'll find a way to use the man, Oswald. See you in the morning."

The Chairman closed the door, walked back to his desk and picked up the phone. A woman's voice answered, "Yes, Sir." Semischastny spoke softly. "Bring in the file on George and Jean De Mohrenschildt." He hung up the phone and leaned back in his chair. His eyes were tired, but the business at hand was pressing. He would read the De Mohrenschildt file before going to dinner.

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JANUARY, 1963. Saul sat in the lobby of the Eden Au Lac Hotel. The sun had just set in Zurich. Even at this early hour the lobby was crowded with guests taking advantage of the cocktail hour. From 5 until 8 o'clock drinks are served from a small rolling bar.

Facing the lake, the hotel is just two blocks from the heart of the financial district. The Eden Au Lac offers large rooms and suites and first-class service to a wealthy clientele. This hotel and the Bauer Au Lac, located across the end of the lake, are considered to be two of the finest on the Continent.

The lobby consists of several small rooms capable of seating over a hundred guests while maintaining a cozy, intimate atmosphere. On this evening crystal chandeliers softly illuminated each of the small rooms. The deep rose carpet seemed to reflect a pinkish glow. Guests were seated in clusters around small, elegantly appointed tables while black-tied waiters moved rapidly to keep all glasses filled.

Saul sat alone at one of the small tables. He drank

In Dallas, Jack Ruby was going about his normal business, never dreaming that the event about to take place would rocket him into the kind of recognition he'd always wanted but could never achieve.

Also in Dallas Georgi Visko alias Saul was sitting far enough back from an open window in the County Records Building so that he and his high-powered rifle could not be observed, waiting to earn his money.

In a limousine directly beneath the gunman rode President John F. Kennedy and his wife, with Governor and Mrs. John Connally.

Lyndon Johnson, the Vice President of the United States, was riding in a car in back of President Kennedy's car. He waited and wondered when he would hear the shots that would make him the President of the United States and the most powerful man in the world.

On the sixth floor of the Book Depository building was the most tragic figure of the plot, Lee Harvey Oswald, with the same cheap rifle he had purchased to fire at General Walker. He'd wanted so badly to serve that his need had blinded his judgment and made him an easy mark for the clever men who had manipulated him.

Albert Osborne was probably in Dallas. His chameleon-like qualities make it impossible to pin him down at the exact hour, but he was hovering close by, watching for the result of his handiwork.

The Presidential limousine swung left on Main Street. Jack Kennedy felt exhilarated. He smiled and waved to countless friendly faces. The warm sun on his back gave him a feeling of peace.

The pain in his throat was sudden and severe, like a cramp in his windpipe, if such a thing were possible. His

hands moved towards his neck. He would loosen his collar; that would help. He hoped it would not interfere with his address at the luncheon. ***** Death can be sudden. Death can be swift. All men die. The time, the place are not known. For President Kennedy the time was 12:28 p.m. November 22, 1963.

Now Saul swung his rifle at Oswald and took a perfect bead sight over his heart. He waited for the return fire from the Secret Service clustered around the President. Seconds passed. Nothing! No shots were fired. Saul, furious at not being able to complete his contract, lowered his rifle and put it back inside his clothes. He left the County Records Building and in two hours was out of the United States.

The word flashed around the world. "President Kennedy has been killed, assassinated, murdered." In Moscow Semischastny, Tsymbal, even Maximillian, raised their glasses of vodka. The Chairman's voice was high and elated. "To a job well done, Mikhail—Max."

In Mexico City Nechiporenko received the news, smiled and put it aside as he moved to other pressing assignments.

In Haiti De Mohrenschildt turned to the Consul and asked, "I wonder if a man by the name of Oswald did it?"

In Washington, D.C. Herman Kimsey listened alone and wept. Allen Dulles received the news and wondered how Bobby Kennedy felt.

At the hopsital, Lyndon Johnson was shaken and shaking. "The President is dead. Long live the President." Johnson hoped so.

In a sleezy bar in Dallas a cocktail waitress answered